

Life

March 14, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS



*Cloche
Harmony*

John Holmgren's Conception of the Ideal American Beauty

DO YOU KNOW A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?

See Page 30

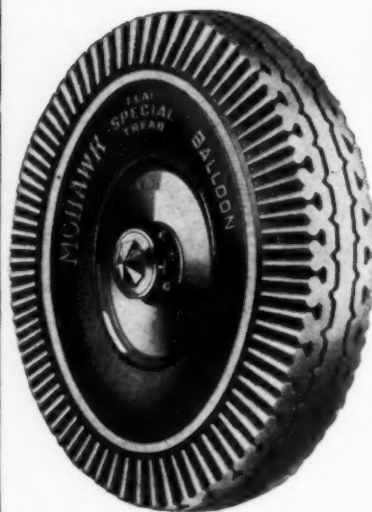
MASSIVE
SHOULDERS
OF
STRENGTH

IN one important construction feature, the Mohawk Flat Tread Special Balloon differs radically from every other tire. The Tread is buttressed at the shoulders with long, powerful, pillar-like supports which taper up into the pliant, shock-absorbing balloon sidewalls.

These powerful shoulders distribute flexing—they prevent sharp hinge-like tread action which generates heat—rubber's greatest enemy—and this promotes long life and slow, even tread wear.

Look for the buttressed shoulders—the distinguishing marks of a distinguished tire.

Featured by Quality Tire
Dealers Everywhere



MOHAWKS
GO Farther!

THE MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY... AKRON, OHIO

For Seventeen Years Makers of Fine Tires

GET OFF THE GROUND



IN the dear, dim days before the War, dad went up in an airplane, and he didn't tell mother for a month. Today son says, "Powder your nose and hop it, old pet. The Moth will do ninety in an hour or less, but you're cutting it pretty fine."

Up go the week-end bags and the golf clubs into the locker. Mother settles down in the deep-cushioned passenger cockpit, with the curved windshield to keep out draughts. The Wright-Gipsy engine begins to hum . . . and they're off. Skimming down the lane for 100 yards—no need for a huge landing field with a Moth—across the lawn for 50 more. Then, with that last little bubble of a skip that means emancipation—they pat the ground goodbye and climb 500 feet a minute into the sunset!

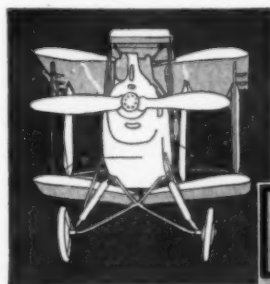
Up, up, till the countryside looks like a gay patchwork quilt with the sea making lace at its edge. The lights come out below, silver spangles on grey velvet that go out as you pass over them. There's a squirrel's tail of smoke as a crack train crawls below. Seven cents a mile is all you pay for Moth-travelling, clean and cool and swift, alone in the opal air.

Landing—roll to a stop in 120 yards, taxi to a single-car garage, release the spring lock, fold those shimmering wings and stow her for the night : : . In cold weather, put her coupe top

on for commuting. Go North for winter sports and fit her with skiis. Go South, change wheels for floats, and your Moth's a seaplane. Add slot wings and teach young Betty to fly in perfect confidence and half the usual time.

This rising generation is rising to some purpose. It has its feet off the ground and its eyes on a day when roads will empty as the limitless sky takes traffic. If you're young enough to want to catch a sunrise 10,000 feet in air—or land on a northern lake for week-end fishing—or give the cop on the pike a box of chocolates and a nice fat "go-to-blazes"... get a Moth! For full particulars, drop a note to Dept. M-11

MOTH AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT
Sales Office: 27 West 57th Street, New York



With wings folded, the Moth easily fits into an ordinary one-car garage

D.H. Gipsy Moth



Foot-Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

FREEDOM from strain... fatigue... pain... depends not only on how well the shoe supports or fits the foot, as most people believe... but in how well the shoe supports the weight of your body. There is a difference. Change to Foot-Joy shoes. You'll instantly feel this difference... No twisting and turning of muscles and bones, no cramped toes, no rolling over of arches... because the foundation of Foot-Joy shoes supports your weight evenly and properly. Be comfortable... and smartly shod at the same time. Foot-Joy shoes are smart... and styled for all occasions. A step ahead of the mode is the sport shoe shown here. Ask your dealer to show it to you or send to us for colored illustrations with styles for different types of men.

The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.
Established 1887

Dealers in most of the larger cities.
In New York City at 4 East 44th Street

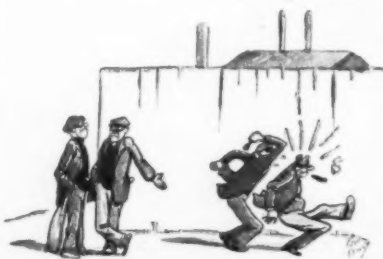
Name.....

Address..... (LMA)

Diary of a Gag Man

- Mar. 1—So depressed by the newspapers today that I went out and bit several dogs and shot a couple of city editors.
- Mar. 3—A cute little chorus baby told me that she never went anywhere without her mother, but (tee hee) mother would go anywhere. When she gets out of the hospital, she's going t'miss Mamma.
- Mar. 5—Ran into Joe today and asked him who he was working for now. "Same old outfit, wife and four kids," laughed Joe. The firm lost a good man.
- Mar. 6—Caught myself laughing at an illustrated joke in a magazine, which so worried me that I went out and got drunk. The next time, I'll visit a brain specialist.
- Mar. 7—A friend of mine asked me to write him stuff for a Talkie skit. When I showed him the script he said, "It's no good, you know. It's never been used before!" Neither had the nice little thirty-eight.
- Mar. 8—A guy pulled that line about "it not being his face, that he was just breaking it in for a friend." Anyhow, I finished breaking it in.
- Mar. 9—The way that I keep picking off these stock market gagsters, pretty soon Wall Street will have no worries about petty speculators.
- Mar. 11—Somebody yelled, "There goes Walter Winchell!" in a night club the other morn. I must have missed him because I noticed his column appeared as usual today.
- Mar. 12—Absentmindedly shot a boot-black. I thought he was going to sing a Mammy number.
- Mar. 13—And so John said, "I'm a little hoarse, I slept in a livery stable last night!" And you guessed it, dear diary, he's sleeping elsewhere tonight.
- Mar. 14—For a long time I've been willing to sell that car of mine for a song. Still have it cause the song was never sung right.

—ed. graham.



"I thought you guys were partners?"
"Yeah, but he went into business for himself."



**When-
ever
you
have
a cough
use**

Beech-Nut BLACK Cough Drops

A cough drop with
an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Makers of
BEECH-NUT

LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

Life in Society

Another Society Girl Enters Business



Miss Pauline Dodds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dodds, is shown entering business from the apex of St. Thomases. The former Miss Dodds, who is a member of the Junior League, will take charge of the Gee-Gaw Puzzle Exchange, while her latest business venture, Prince De La Tours D'Auville, will handle the Dodds fortune.

Mrs. Langdon S. Tripp will give a luncheon today at the Drake. Miss Carol Tripp entertained at dinner last night at the Embassy Club. Mr. Langdon S. Tripp gave a hunt breakfast this morning at India House. (If there are any more Tripps left will they please notify this correspondent what in hell they're going to give tomorrow, and where.)

Mrs. Perry Biffany, member of Paris and Newport society, has recently restored the old Perry homestead at Wakefield, Rhode Island, for the Simmons Company, with a Beautyrest mattress, \$39.50, an Ace box spring, \$42.50, and Bed No. 1850, \$37.50.

Guests of the Roney Plaza Hotel took part in a moonlight pajama party on the Cabana walk of the hotel last night. Tonight everybody's going to dinner in a one-piece bathing suit, and tomorrow all the guests will retire for the night in formal evening dress.

Mrs. Randolph R. Seibert, of Glen Cove, L. I., the Sherry-Netherland, and wherever her little heart desires, will sail tomorrow on the Mauretania, and will join her husband in Paris—if he doesn't soon get word that she's on the way.

Miss Virginia Carter Randolph of Warrenton, Virginia, who has used Pond's Cream ever since she was a little girl, spent Sunday in the Rotogravure Section of the New York Times. She had as her guest Mrs. John Davis Lodge, of the Lodges of Massachusetts and New York.

—Jack Cluett.



Small-bubble lather



... means a longer-lasting shave

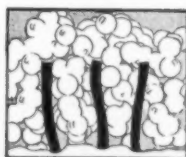
... because small bubbles go down to the base of the beard ... soften each whisker right at the skin line ... your shave is closer, lasts longer.

THERE is no mystery about why Colgate shaves last longer. They are closer shaves ... that's all! And the reason they are closer is simply that Colgate lather is composed of small bubbles that carry large quantities of water down to the base of the beard ... vastly different from the large, air-filled bubbles found in ordinary shaving cream. The moment you lather up with Colgate's, here is what happens:

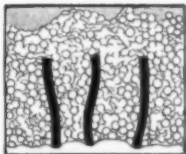
1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard ... crowd around each whisker ... soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable ... easier to cut ... scientifically softened right down at the base ... ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon now. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion ... refreshing, delightful ... the perfect shave finale.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

COLGATE, Dept. M-697, P. O. Box 375,
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Prestige

All that Whitman's have learned in eighty-eight years about making good chocolates is summed up in this box of Prestige Chocolates.

The pieces are small, shaped with care, beautiful as well as tasteful.

Centers are new confections, covered with three kinds of those distinctive Whitman's chocolate coatings, vanilla, milk and semi-sweet.

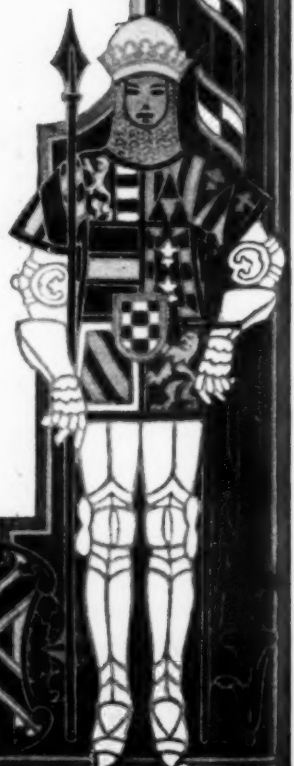
The metal box containing the Prestige pieces is a step forward in the combination of art and utility.

Sold everywhere by the selected stores—usually drug stores—that sell the Sampler and other Whitman's candies.

Whitman's

**PRESTIGE
CHOCOLATES**

in one, two & three pound—\$2 the pound



Life



Is there a doctor in the house?

WHAT'S wrong with Uncle Sam?

His political doctors won't tell the truth.

Well, we will! His chief ailment is high Methodist pressure.

A good example of this may be found in Paragraph 70 in the Book of Discipline of the Methodist Church, published in 1916:

"Both science and human experience agree with the Holy Scripture in condemning all alcoholic beverages as being neither useful nor safe. The business of manufacturing and of vending such liquors is also against the principles of morality, political economy, and the public welfare. We therefore regard voluntary total abstinence from all

intoxicants as the obligation of the citizen and the complete legal prohibition of the traffic in alcoholic drinks as the duty of civil government."

There's your Eighteenth Amendment. It is false doctrine from beginning to end, making no distinction between what is good and what is bad in drink, between temperance and abstinence. It is the product of zealous ignorance and behind it is a strong organization, supported by our wealthier bigots.

A doctor isn't what Uncle Sam needs. He needs the active organized support of that great group of sane, intelligent people who have sat silent for ten years! Then, and then only, will he be able to throw off this vicious malady.



Helen Kane has the exhaust on her car adjusted.

Scott Shots

Chicago gangsters have the courage of their non-convictions.

Many a two-car family lives in a one-horse town.

Lincoln used to split rails, but the modern politician splits only his infinitives.

We know of a married couple who are just two minds without a single thought.

There's an old saying that talk is cheap, and we wish our lawyer had heard of it.

The next big international problem will be what to do with old battleships.

There's always room for a good man except when he's eaten a full meal in a breakfast nook.

—W. W. Scott.

Different

In most cities a hotel bellboy shows you to your room, turns on the light or lights, raises the shade or shades, and says: "Is there anything else?" But in New York, a bellboy shows you to your room, turns on the light or lights, raises the shade or shades, and says: "Scotch or rye?"

Here's an idea for a housewife. Does your husband kick about the terrible coffee you make? Well, a man will drink anything out of a gin bottle. Serve his coffee in one.

"Hello! Fire Department?
I wish to report a blaze!"



Weather at Winter Resorts

Weather reports from winter resorts yesterday follow:

St. Augustine, Fla., \$45, clear.

Palm Beach, Fla., \$60, cut.

Key West, Fla., \$50, green.

Ormond Beach, Fla., \$55, cloudy.

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., \$65, raw.

Myrtle Beach, S. C., \$65, shellac.

Miami Beach, Fla., \$60, hair tonic.

Pinehurst, N. C., \$70, varnish.

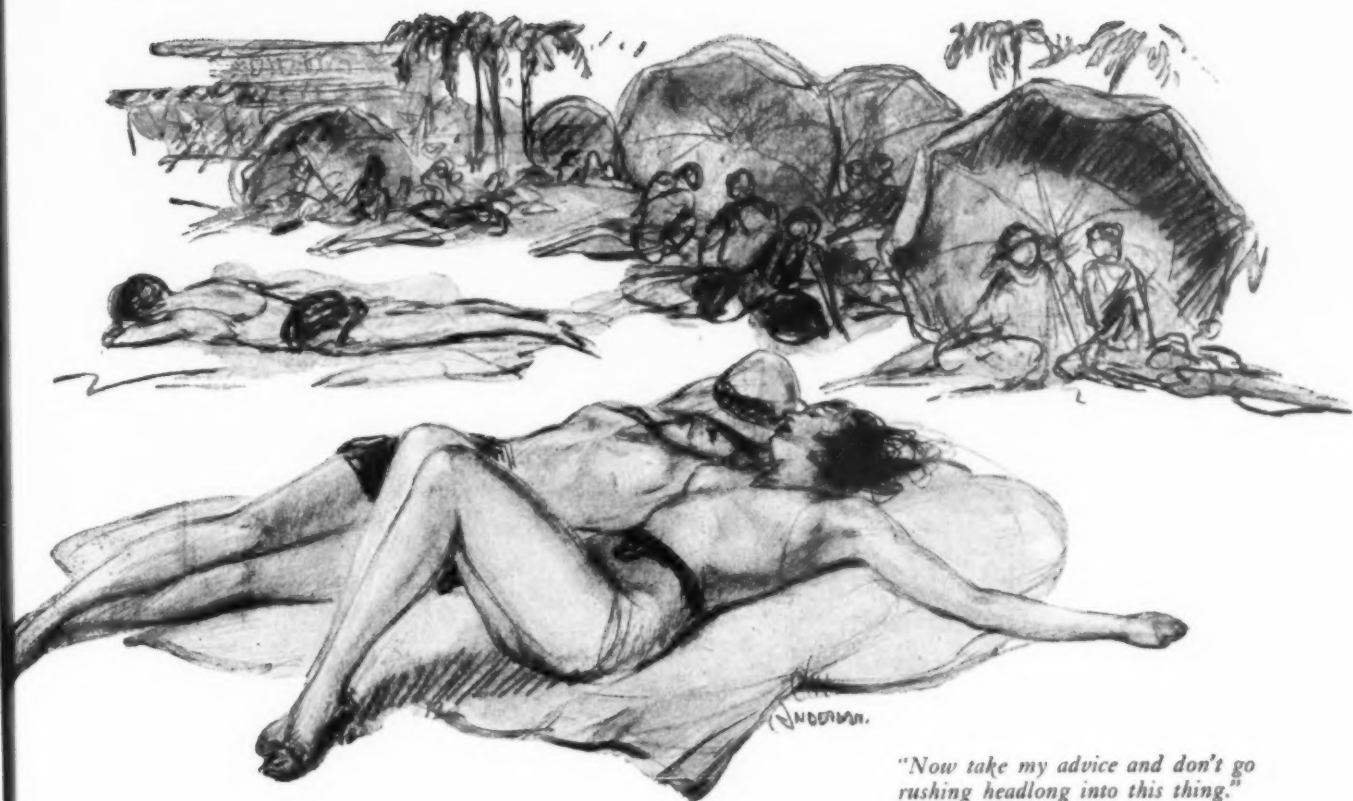
Augusta, Ga., \$70, partly cut.

Aiken, S. C., \$80, uncorked and cloudy.

—J. C.

Put the radio in a cleared space. Never set tables, chairs or footstools near it. You don't want to trip when you dash over to turn off a string trio.

Nothing puts a damper on a party quicker than an eagle-eyed hostess who follows a guest every time he goes into the kitchen.



"Now take my advice and don't go rushing headlong into this thing."

It Sims to Me

I enjoy living on a farm because the cows, ducks and chickens don't come in and urge you to play bridge when you want to read.

There's one thing about a fountain pen. Even if it won't write, it will keep the cigars in your vest pocket from being broken.

You're not settling down in life until you begin to notice that your shoes seem to last longer.

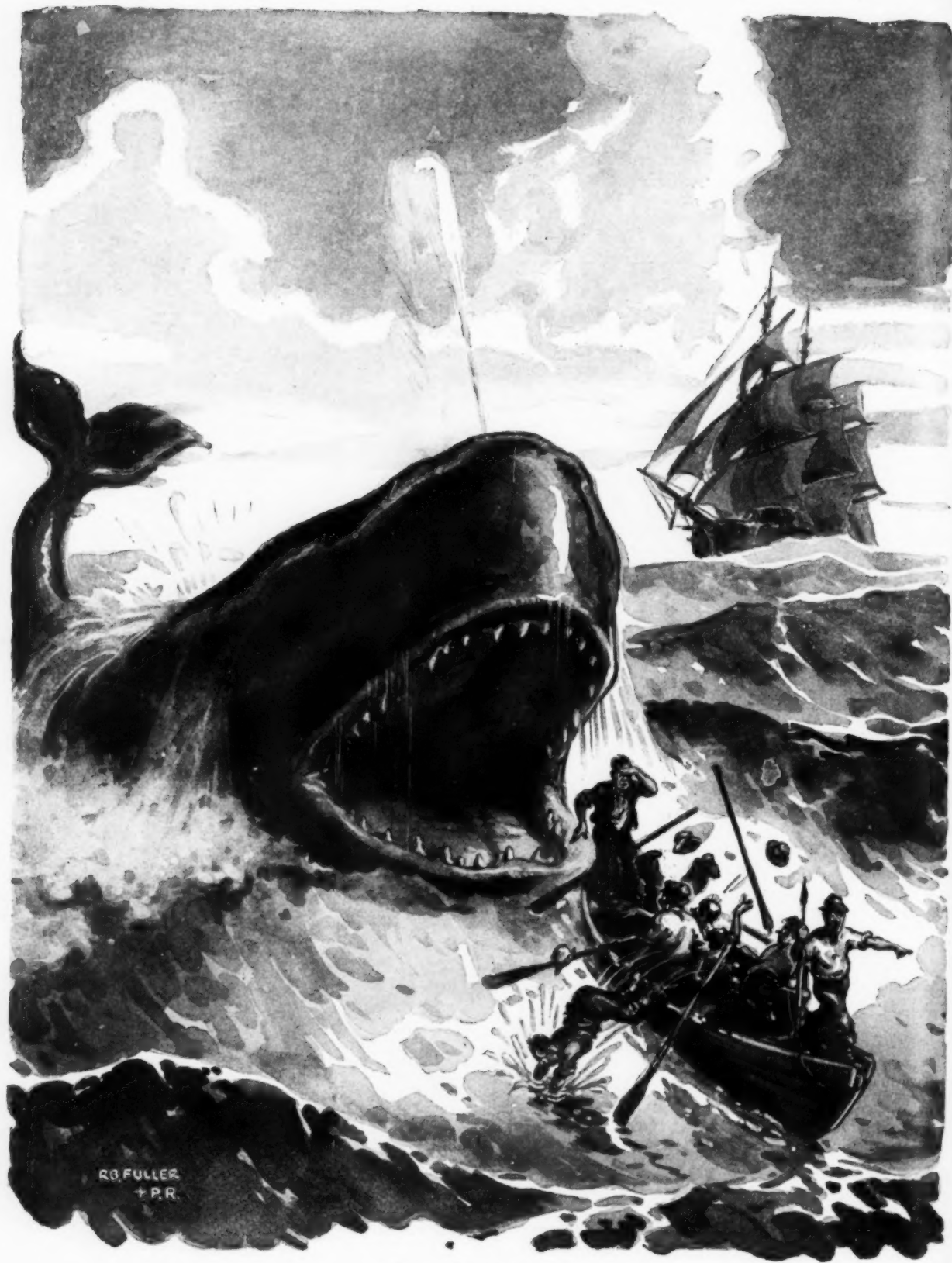
It's right remarkable what fine poker hands you can get when you are playing bridge.

The only way to convict a woman in a trial by jury is to capture her before she can get to a beauty parlor.

What I enjoy about a harp is that its strings break. —Tom Sims.



Cop: Hey, Mister, buy some tickets for the police benefit?



"Thar she blows!"

(8)

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Training

WHEN Willingdrift climbed out from under the hat that had been so rudely shoved down over his ears, he said, "Owf!" It was his way of telling the world he was down but not out. Then he looked around for Bill Sparks. He didn't see him, so he fled northward through the train. Presently he came to the car which quartered the Smiths. Bill was at the door of Nancy's stateroom.

Willingdrift stopped just inside the vestibule and listened.

"But Nancy," Bill was pleading. "For the Love of Mike let me explain."

Apparently Nancy didn't want to.

"I wasn't sitting on the platform with that girl because I wanted to. Why, I don't even know her name!"

Willingdrift couldn't hear her answer to this one, but he didn't need to; the opening was too plain. Bill went on:

"But Nancy, you can't do this—our engagement's to be announced when we get to New York. You've got to let me explain."

This time the door opened wide enough to admit a slim hand. The hand dropped something glittery onto the floor and the door shut again; tight. Bill Sparks bent over and picked it up. He looked at it for almost a minute, with his head cocked on one side, then he headed for his own car. Willingdrift felt he would be better off elsewhere. He ducked into the smoking compartment. When Bill had gone by Willingdrift made his way to the stateroom door. He knocked and said, "Nancy, it's me. Let me in."

"No," said Nancy.

"Yes," said Willingdrift. "He's liable to come this way again."

The door opened and Willingdrift

popped into the suite like a fox going to ground. He wanted to say, "Owf!" again, but even though he'd butted for the Smiths for years and had practically raised Nancy, he thought it unbecoming. Instead he said, "Listen to me, Nancy, Bill Sparks did what he did to save someone else. You must send for him."

"I'll never speak to him again," said Nancy. "And furthermore, Willing, that sounds like just the sort of explanation the two of you would conk



"Pa," she cried, under her breath.

up to give me."

"Now, Nancy, Mr. Bill loves you dearly, you—"

A flood of tears interrupted him. Nancy could cry on Willingdrift's shoulder, he never held it against her. She never let anyone else see her cry. He took her in his arms.

"I never want to see him again, Willing!"

"I know, little bird, I know."

"But I did love him terribly, Willing."

"Then why not believe what I told you and take him back?"

"Because it's a big lie and you know it."

Willingdrift engaged in some plain and fancy thinking. If there was one thing he hated it was the parting of lovers; particularly with spring so near. If there was another thing he hated it was to see Nancy Smith unhappy. Wheels turned, bells rang in the distance and the great mind worked. He had it!

"Nancy," he said. "You wait here for me. I'll be back in twenty minutes and prove it was all right and aboveboard."

Before she had time to argue, he left and headed again for the observation car. Halfway there he met Mrs. Smith, bound bedwards. Fine! He quickened his pace.

As he thought, Smith was still in the car with a long glass on one side of him and the beautiful Mabel Lee on the other.

"For a man," thought Willingdrift, "who has just been saved from his wife by sheer headwork, you're taking long chances." He approached his employer and crouched into the chair beside him.

"Listen, sir, Mr. Bill pulled you through, didn't he?"

"Ho!" said Smith. He loved that young man. What other young man did he know who would have leaped into the breach and exposed himself to all hell's fire? "Hah," he said. "I'll say so!"

"Now it's up to you, sir," said Willingdrift.

Mabel Lee looked at him curiously. She said, "What on earth's the matter with this family, anyway?"

"Love," said Willingdrift. "How about it, sir?"

"About Love?" said Smith. "I think it's fine." He glared affectionately at Mabel Lee, raising and lowering his moustache suggestively.

"About Mr. Bill," said Willingdrift.

"Hurr," said Smith. "What 'bout him?"

"Will you pull him through now?"

Mabel Lee broke in again. She said, "I can't stand it. What are you, a lot of acrobats?"

"Hah!" said Smith.

"Nancy's chucked him," said Wil-

(Continued on Page 30)



Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *please* with an *m* and get something for nothing.
- (2) Scramble *spine* with a *p* and get something good for gums.
- (3) Scramble *verses* with an *i* and get something good for business.
- (4) Scramble *drains* with an *e* and get a subway rider.
- (5) Scramble *emulsion* with an *i* and get a classy automobile.
- (6) Scramble *nature* with an *s* and get the best way to enjoy it.

(Answers on Page 35)

"And so Jack cut off the giant's head."
 "Geel! And did he mutilate him in gruesome fashion, too?"

When a roadster has a wreck in a college town, it's just pure luck if ten or fifteen of its occupants are not injured.

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

The only woman who does love to go home and get dinner and make the beds is the woman who happens to like getting dinner and making beds.

—Rupert Hughes.

The book that has influenced me most is my own, "The Brass Check."

—Upton Sinclair.

I do not approve of ladies who shoot their husbands.

—Peggy Joyce.

Fifty-six thousand persons were sent to jail in one year for violation of the prohibition law.

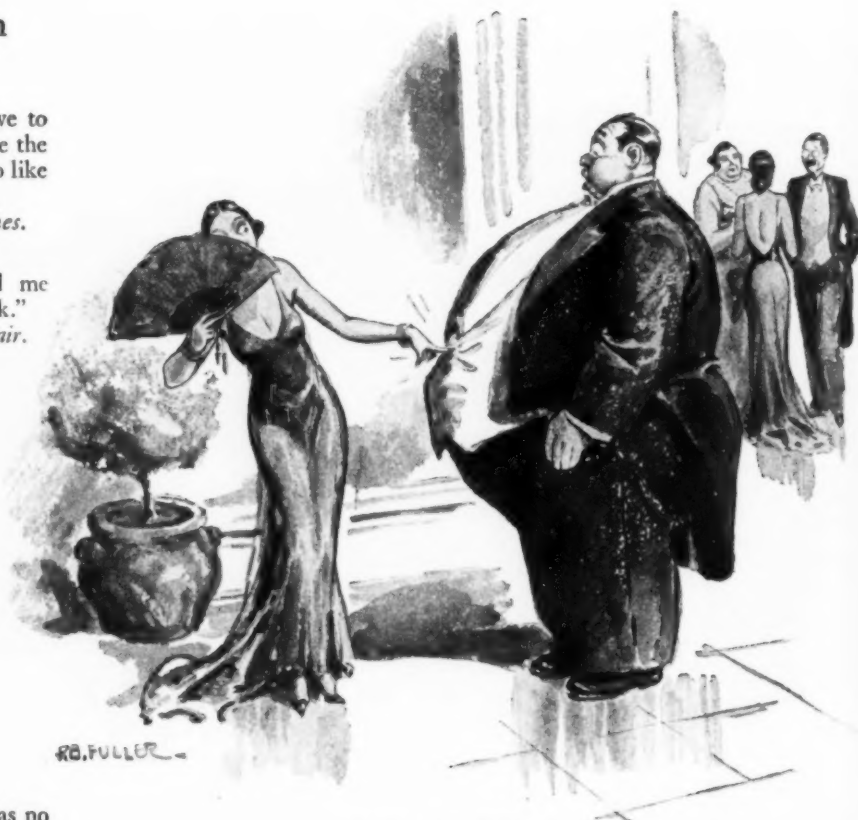
—Fiorello La Guardia.

It is true Tully knocked me down, but I was never out. And he did not lick me.

—John Gilbert.

I'm very fond of Jack, but he has no sense of humor.

—Jim Tully.



"Ah! You little rascal!"



SINBAD
Finders Keepers.
(11)



"Wow! This weather gives me a lot of pep!
Where's the lawn mower?"

Life in Washington

ITALY poked a jocose finger into the French naval embonpoint. France responded by suggesting that everybody chip in to pay the cost of supplying her with a new set of security chest-weights for reduction exercises. When nobody was injured in the rush, Tardieu prudently fell ill and the French Government went out of office. The London Conference adjourned for a week while France was seized with a violent attack of parliamentary cramps. Great Britain recalled Sir Esme Howard from Washington and Stimson shipped home our best naval expert, Admiral Jones; so rumors began to float around Paris that we were about to contract a guilty naval liaison with England and Japan. French policy became one of dogged determination to have a large navy so long as France didn't have to pay for it.

Russia inaugurated a five-year plan to reduce the political content of religion to a statutory $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. Instead of eyeing this noble experiment with approval the godly appealed to the President to stop this suppression "of

the primary human rights of religious freedom." The President, however, is too busy with primary human rights of thirst to bother the Moscow reformers. Two Prohibition agents shot a trained nurse in Iowa. They were suspended and given a real serious talking to. The Senate got orders to prevent at all costs any investigation of Prohibition enforcement. The head of the Federation of Labor asked for 2.75% beer as an aid to employment. The Coast Guard admitted it couldn't dry up

Long Island's rum row, so asked for thirty more gun-boats on the Great Lakes. Mabel Willebrandt Walker broke the noble experiment which prescribes a speed limit for automobiles in the District of Columbia. She was fined \$10 and nobody proposed that she should be regarded as a felon or be sent to jail for five years.

Hoover and Congress are all tangled up in the Tariff. The Senate is taking its time about it, the House is in a hurry and Hoover is unhappy. The "Good God! Mr. Speaker" school of political rhetoric is in the saddle. Aluminum duties were cut, just to show what they think of Mr. Mellon, and Joe Grundy claims there is an unholy alliance between Hoover and the Coalition to keep the rates down. In the meantime, Cal is cautiously swinging around the circle and was last reported in Hiramjohnsonland, where he admitted he planned to write a fifty-word history of the United States. We fancy it will go something as follows: "Protection, Prohibition, Prosperity, Plymouth Rock, Rock-and-Rye, Plymouth Notch, Economy, Parity, Life Insurance, Savings Banks, Prosperity, Prohibition, Protection." —J. F.



FLEEING COLORED MAN: Well, anyhow I have sense enough not to believe in you!

An Old Tune Reset for the Piccolo



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TWO loves I have that haunt me,
And I must choose between.
And one of them's a gay love
That laughs in eyes of green.
And one of them's the old love
In placid pools of blue.
And one is emerald danger,
And one is strong and true.

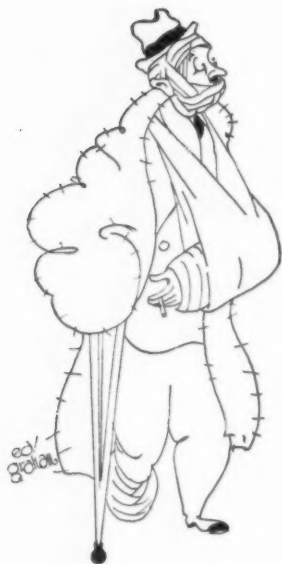
Now, if I keep the old love,
I know that I shall be
Forever bathed in beauty,
And clothed in sanity.
And I shall have the gladness
Of arms that hold and hold,
Of strength and peace and candor
And tenderness untold.

Yet if I take the new love,
I think that I shall go
Upon a path of splendor
And ecstasy and woe,
Girded by flame and laughter,
Winding through vales of fears,
Losing itself in questions
Beside a gulf of tears . . .

So I shall keep the old love,
The love of peace and rest,
And that will be the real love,
And that will be the best.
I daresay in the darkness
Will sometimes come again
An echo of lost laughter,
And temporary pain . . .

—John V. A. Weaver.





"I tried to jump over a ping-pong net to congratulate an opponent!"

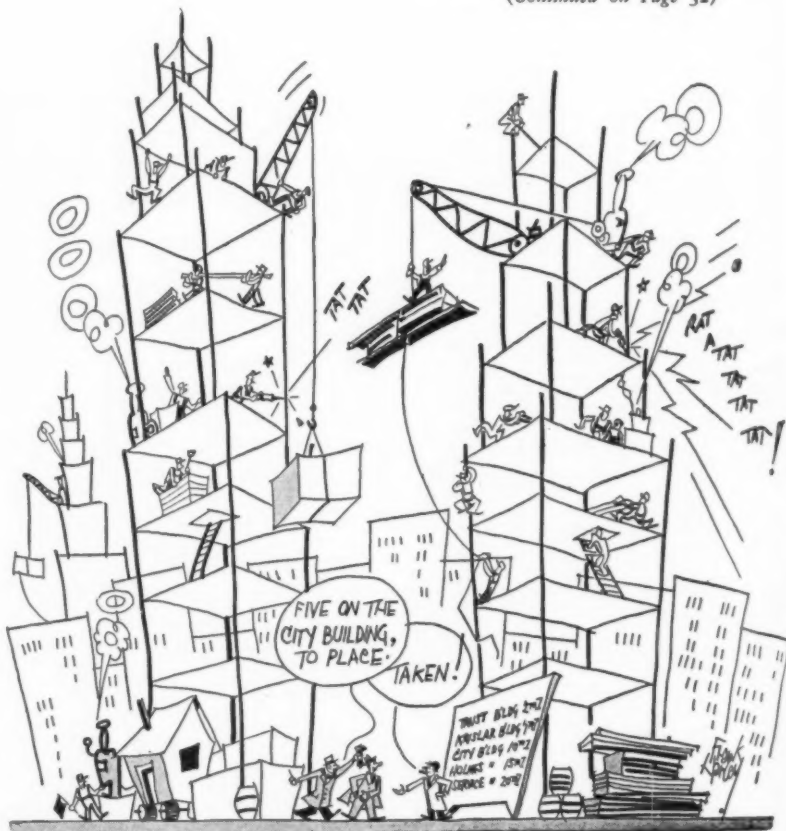
Mrs. Pep's Diary

by **Baird Leonard** FEBRUARY 19 — Arrived home early from Northampton, wearing a lovely boutonniere of a pink rose and mignonette sent me by Mistress Woodward, for whom I once did compose a sonnet with nought to go by save a rhyme scheme she had given me. Enraged to find that Samuel had hung the pictures in my bedroom during my absence, and apparently whilst in his cups, too, which does make me marvel anew how individuals who will not stir from an armchair or bridge table when normal, develop, when slightly titivated, sudden and inconvenient bursts of energy, nor shall I ever forget the time when Biff Haskins, after two or three cocktayles, did decide to cut the Burnham's grass, and that we were at some pains to keep from sending in to Stamford for a lawnmower. So fell to the business of my household, which is so complex at the moment that I could but ponder what Disraeli or Ambassador Dawes would do in my fix, albeit I am really convinced that it would require Machiavelli himself to get me out of my difficulties. But as it does always seem a pity not to have someone for luncheon when the house is full of fresh flowers, I

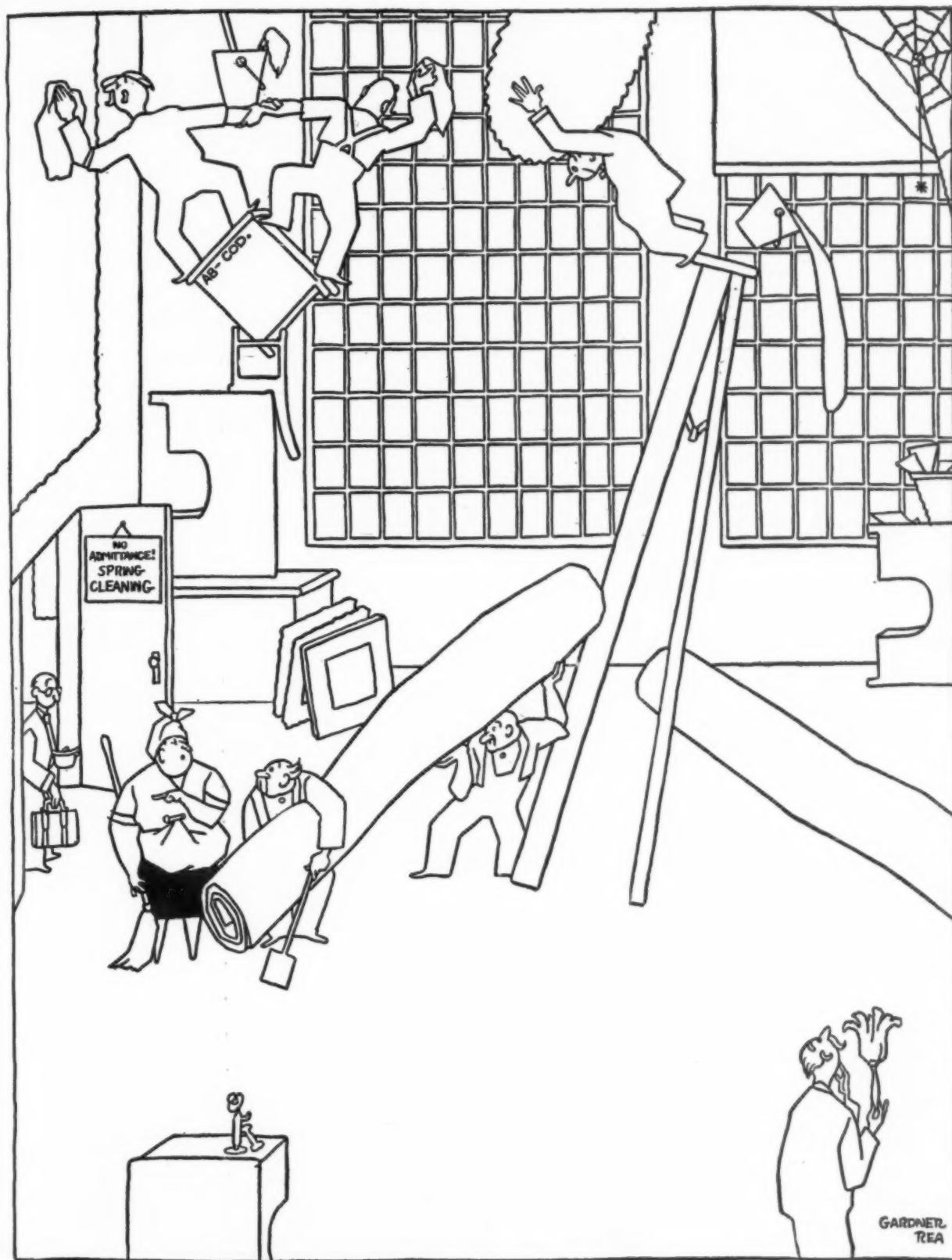
did summon Rita Gillespie, who came with tales of trying to rent a house in a nearby village on the sea, the only one suitable in size having only one music album by way of a book, impaled butterflies under glass as mural decoration, and a cabinet filled with sharks' teeth and beach pebbles which the agent implored her, if she took the place, not to shake or jar in any way. This night the Bannings to dinner, and the tenants above us did such a hubbub that when Bob asked, "I wonder what they can be doing?" Sam responded, "I don't know, but it sounds to me as if they were playing 'Drop the Refrigerator'."

FEBRUARY 20—Reading in the Authors' Annual from Covici-Friede, and astonished to mark that "The Art of Thinking" by the Abbe Dimnet has been a best seller for more than a year, an amazing record, and I do well recall how someone, beholding it on Marge Boothby's steamer chair, had cautioned her not to be seen with such a title in public if she wanted any beaux on the voyage. Then up and off to the newsreel theatre, an establish-

(Continued on Page 32)



The Race.



The high-salaried lady executive reverts to type.

New York Life



Dress Parade

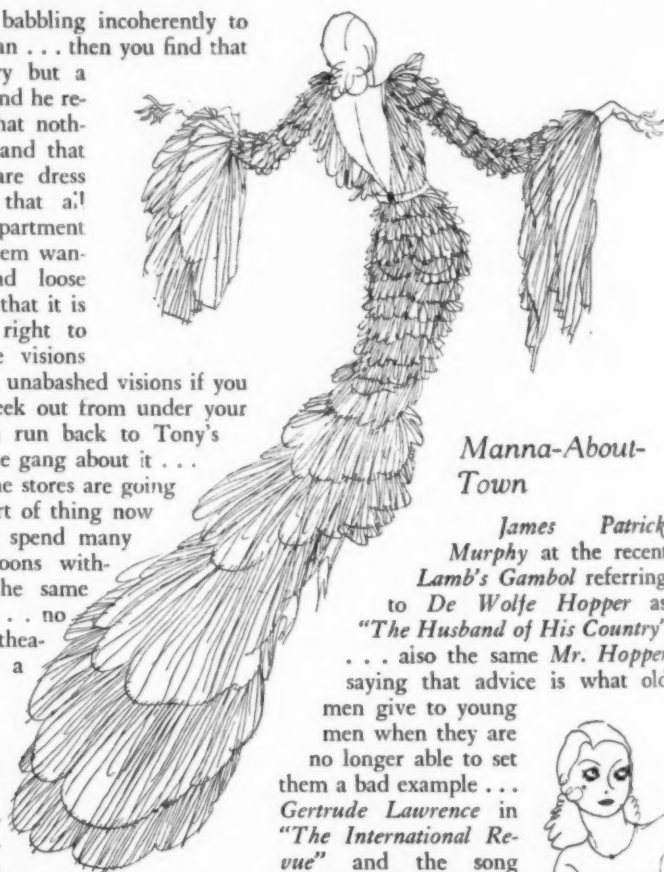
HAVE you men who are in the habit of paying six sixty a seat for a musical show, been in any of the department stores lately? . . . well, if you haven't, stop wasting all that money on Flo Ziegfeld and try the Department Store Follies . . . all the stores, especially the Ritzier ones, are going in heavy for manikins (no, that's not baby talk) and you can get two swell seats on the aisle for nothing . . . however, be prepared for a shock . . . the minute you step inside the door you will find yourself face to face with a blase young woman sauntering hither and yon in a very décolleté evening gown and languidly smoking a cigarette . . . thinking you have stepped into the Ladies' Retiring Room by mistake you will plunge feverishly down the aisle only to bump into a Follies babe in cute beach pajamas . . . by this time you have lost all sense of direction and decorum and with downcast eyes you make for what you think is the front entrance only to run into a young damsel in a

one-piece bathing suit . . . you are now sorry that you stopped for that one drink at Tony's and you

find yourself babbling incoherently to Harry Richman . . . then you find that it's not Harry but a floor walker and he reassures you that nothing is amiss and that these ladies are dress models and that all the better department stores have them wandering around loose . . . realizing that it is perfectly all right to look at these visions unabashed, or unabashed visions if you prefer, you peek out from under your hat and then run back to Tony's and tell all the gang about it . . . so many of the stores are going in for this sort of thing now that you can spend many happy afternoons without seeing the same show twice . . . no wonder the theatres are in a bad way!

Sexercise

And speaking of models, a store on Fifty-seventh street had a man in its window demonstrating an exercising machine, but few stopped to gaze at the gentleman . . . a few days later the proprietor installed a very personable young lady dressed in a white silk athletic shirt and black silk running trunks and a cop had to keep the crowd moving! . . . curiously enough though the proprietor sold no more machines than before.



Manna-About-Town

James Patrick Murphy at the recent Lamb's Gambol referring to De Wolfe Hopper as "The Husband of His Country" . . . also the same Mr. Hopper saying that advice is what old

men give to young men when they are no longer able to set them a bad example . . . Gertrude Lawrence in "The International Revue" and the song "Keys of Your Heart" . . . William Powell in "The Street of Chance" . . . probably the worst places in town are the restaurants that cater to celebrities deliberately, as a bait to get the hicks in to look at them . . . among the worst offenders—Sardi's, Reuben's and Sardi's and Reuben's, which brings up the riddle—when is a celebrity not a celebrity?—When he goes to Sardi's or Reuben's.



Our Own Mystery Serial

"The Main Stem Murders"

CHAPTER I.

Walter Watchall, the famous columnist, murdered! Police Commissioner Moby Dick put down the receiver and turned to the man seated at his desk. "Well, they got Watchall!" he muttered.

The man, who was none other than Philo Nance, the great detective, looked up in surprise. "What? Walter Watchall, the famous columnist?"

"Yes, Sir!" muttered the com-

cravat wearily. "You'll have a tough job, Philo, Old Man!"

"Why do you think so?" said the great detective quietly, flicking a speck from his coat-sleeve.

"The man had a thousand ene-



ing a note on his cuff, "This looks bad for you

Sapoliol!"

"Bad nothing," yelled Sapolio, "I didn't have a gun on me and what's more I've got two witnesses! Harry Richman was in the hall right at the time and was just about to kick him when it happened!"

"Amazin'!" murmured Nance.

"And Clara Bow was just getting out of the elevator! She had an axe in her hand!"

"Who was in the room from which the shot was fired?"

"That's the mysterious part of it," cried Sapolio. "There was nobody in the room and the door and windows were locked!"

(Read more of this amazin' exposé of the Great White Way Next Week!)

Knickersbrook Jr.



missioner, "And me just back from Palm Beach!"

"How did they do it?" queried Nance.

"Shot him through a keyhole!"

"Ah!" cried Nance, jumping to his well-shod feet, "This will have to be looked into!"

Taking a hand mirror from his desk drawer, the commissioner adjusted his

mies! Everybody will be under suspicion! Even the Mayor himself! Even Lindbergh!"

"Amazin'!" muttered Nance.

"Here is Louis Sapolio, the rival columnist! Maybe he can throw some light on the subject! Hello, Louis, have you heard the news?"

The columnist who had entered the office grinned, "Yes, indeed!"

"Well, come clean, Sapolio!" muttered the commissioner, "Tell us what you know!"

"Well," said Sapolio, trying to suppress his giggles, "It's a deep mystery! It seems this guy Watchall was peeking through a keyhole when somebody shot him from the other side of the door!"

"How do you happen to know so much about it!" cried the commissioner, suspiciously.

"I was at the keyhole at the next apartment!"

"Ha Ha!" cried Nance, mak-



artment Store "Follies"

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

THE author of George Bernard Shaw's first twenty plays has earned the right to bore the public as often and as cruelly as he pleases, and in his latest play, "The Apple Cart," a sandwich consisting of two acts of "political extravaganza" with an interlude of sheer horseplay (inserted, apparently, to rouse the audience from the torpor induced by the endless conversation in the first act and to brace it for another dose in the third) he exercises that right relentlessly. It is the duty of every up-and-coming member of the community to see "The Apple Cart" and like it, because Shaw wrote it and because it is important to know what the old fellow has been up to lately, but there are, frankly, at least five more amusing, two more instructive and eleven more entertaining plays in town at the moment.

Politics and politicians are beyond satire, beyond burlesque. The best political extravaganza in this country is on view daily, during the season, seats free in the visitors' gallery, on the floors of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Congress in Washington, and quite as side-splitting a show is running continuously in the House of Commons in London and in the Chambre des Députés in Paris. The meanest political orator can think of more colossal absurdities in a minute than a first-class mind like Shaw's could invent in a month. What is concocted by groups of them gathered in parliaments goes beyond the wildest imaginings of sober, honest literary gentlemen. Shaw's play, like the cartoons in the newspapers, strives to expose the truth through reckless exaggeration, and it turns out to be an accurate and dull photograph, merely. When, for instance, he makes the Postmistress-General in King Magnus' Cabinet state that she wins elections, not because the voters recognize in her an expert in statecraft, but because she is an accomplished mimic and can sing catchy songs, he is only reiterating what every candidate for office since democracies began has known and practiced. When he makes the Cabinet meet governmental crises by rising and singing "Auld Lang Syne" or "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," he exposes the fact that he does not follow the Congressional Record and is not aware that that is

only the usual method of procedure in at least one of the great parliaments of the world.

It is, of course, just possible that the complete absence of new ideas in the play is a rather round-about, sly dig at England. The action passes in the future—in 1970 or so—and shows a very backward England—an England which has only just attained to that degree of "progress" reached by America in 1930—rule by Big Business and small minds with a hopeless realization among the serious-minded that constitutional monarchy was not so bad, after all.

However, the play departs sharply



The classic Italian tragedy.

and refreshingly from the photographic in the buffoonery of the second act, or interlude, which shows the King in his mistress' boudoir squirming and howling under the lady's tickling and finally falling from the sofa and rolling on the floor with her. According to the most reliable reports, that is not at all the sort of thing that goes on in the privacy of kings' mistresses' boudoirs—but, naturally, Shaw wouldn't know about this.

Tom Powers rises above the fact that he is not the type for the part and gives a superb performance of the King, and Philip Moeller does his usual intelligent job of the staging. In the Theatre Guild production, when the American Ambassador comes in with his country's offer to rejoin the British Empire, he wears formal afternoon dress of conventional cut. In the Lon-

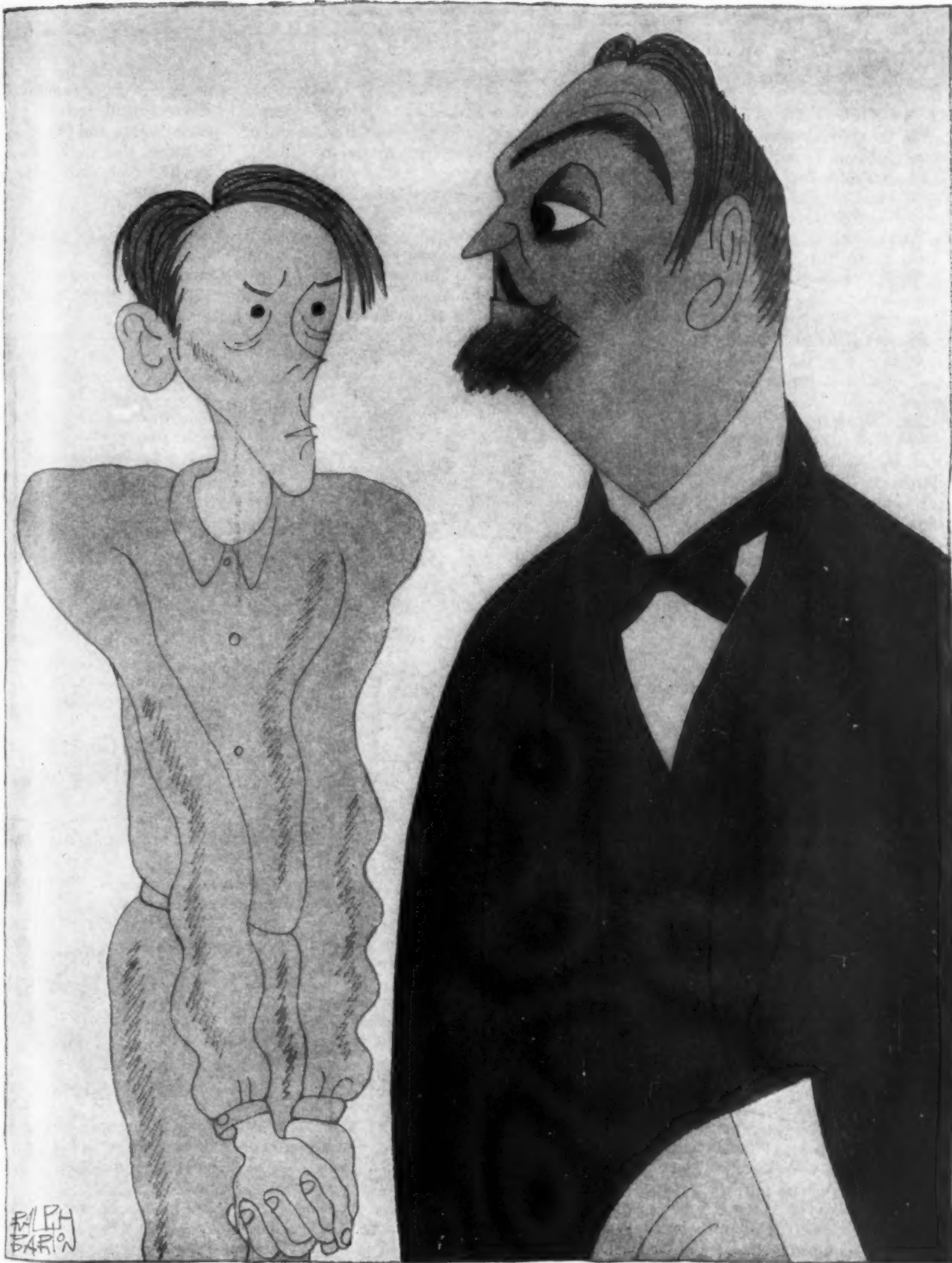
don production, this character wears red and white striped pants and a beaver hat with stars, the London costume designers having General Dawes and his sartorial elegances closer at hand to copy from.

EVERYBODY loves Fred Stone; and Fred Stone loves you and me and God and his family and Will Rogers and everybody, too. And I love Fred Stone and Mrs. Stone and Dorothy and Paula and that other daughter who hasn't been on the stage yet but who is just bursting with ambition; and when Fred Stone comes out between the acts and tells us how he loves us and we all vibrate it back at him, and when he tells us how he has managed to get together a nice clean show ("Ripples," New Amsterdam, \$6.60 top—adv.) that the young folks can take their parents to see, we all pull out limp leather, vest-pocket-classics edition of "Fanny Hill" and try to forget it. "Ripples" is a gay, fast moving show which would be highly enjoyable if it weren't blighted by Mr. Stone's vice of belligerent cleanliness. Nobody would notice that it is not salacious and nobody would care if he would just stop pointing. Eddie Foy, Jr., Andrew Tombes and a troupe of dwarfs help matters greatly.

THERE isn't room enough left on this page to mention all the good things in "Simple Simon" and a learned discussion of its merits will have to be postponed until next week. Enough for the moment to say that Ziegfeld is its papa and Ed Wynn is in it.

THOSE WE LOVE tells a good enough story rather well, but one of its authors was one of the authors of "Broadway" and, it may be for that reason and it may be for another, all the characters, who are supposed to be nice people living in Westchester, talk like gunmen and their molls.

The Coburns present a good likeness of American Babbitts on the loose in foreign parts in an adaptation of Tarkington's "The Plutocrat," if you are interested. Personally, my eye was never tempted from Suzanne Caubaye, who plays the siren.



TWO MORE FIRST-CLASS PERFORMANCES.
James Bell in "The Last Mile" and Frank Morgan in "Topaze."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Son Of The Gods"

SON OF THE GODS, based on the famous novel by Rex Beach, presents Richard Barthelmess in the best performance he has given since "Tol'able David." Realizing the potentialities of this interesting story, Warner Brothers surrounded the star with a cast that includes Constance Bennett, Claude King, E. Allyn Warren and that grand old trouper, Anders Randolph. Equipped with these excellent tools, Director Frank Lloyd has fashioned a motion picture that can really be called beautiful.

Mr. Barthelmess has never been more believable, in fact, he is so believable that you soon forget to question the matter of a full-blooded Chinaman who does not look very oriental. This was a difficult problem and we doubt if any two people could have handled it more intelligently than Mr. Barthelmess and his director.

Miss Bennett, well known to the stage and silent screen but new in the talkies, reveals a talkie personality that is certain to bring popularity . . . particularly when she regains the weight lost in a recent illness.

The story is the old question of mixing East and West . . . the Chinaman who loves the white girl . . . with a scene in a New York dance hall throwing a bit of light on the subject that may shock a few people. The happy ending is the only piece of ham in the caviar, but without it the boxoffice would suffer.

We would not be surprised, by the way, if Mr. Barthelmess and Mr. Warren should suddenly give up the movie business and open a laundry. They speak the language well enough.

Don't miss this picture.

"Love Comes Along"

THIS screen adaptation of Edward Knoblock's novel, "Conchita," offers Bebe Daniels a chance to use the pleasant singing voice that brought such popular acclaim in "Rio Rita," and while the new film cannot be classed with its pretentious predecessor it is well above the average in entertainment value. No little credit is due Director Rupert Julian who had sense enough to stick closely to the intelligently constructed dialog of the Knob-

and in an effort to bring her around to his point of view he uses every resource at his command, including the militia, police force and municipal band. Bebe proves that she knows the ropes by hanging onto them when it seems she must surely take the count, and then, just in the nick of time, along comes a sailor and saves her honor. That's news.

Miss Daniels sings the theme song charmingly, Lloyd Hughes displays a nice speaking voice as the heroing sailor, and Montague Love is the soul of lechery as the village boss. It is interesting but not important that Mr. Love's broken English ranges from a slight abrasion of the accent to a compound fracture of all the syllables. And, oh yes—a word of praise for the hidden young man whose voice is used when the story calls for Mr. Hughes to warble back at Miss Daniels. His name may never appear in the programs, but he will not remain unsung.

Nice picture.

"She Couldn't Say No"

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO, starring Wild Winnie Lightner, is a mixture of sunshine and tears. With fewer tears it would be swell. Miss Lightner is a most entertaining comedienne, but like all comediennes she feels constrained to prove the versatility of her art by going in for torch songs

and death scenes. Now don't be silly, Winnie. Anybody who can roll them in the aisles as you do is a nut to aspire to big moments. There are a hundred tear-jerkers in the movies to one consistent fun-maker, so stick to your stuff.

You see, Winnie, who sings in night clubs, loves a racketeer, Chester Morris (one of our finest young actors) and she wants to reform him, but he

(Continued on Page 34)



"So glad you could come, Mrs. Peebles—is there any particular punch you'd care to have me use?"

lock manuscript.

In the opening scenes we learn that Miss Daniels is a show girl stranded in a little town on the coast of Cuba. The head man of the village, a hard-working libertine who has the genius to divide his time successfully between women and politics, decides to get rid of his favorite blonde when he finds her heeding the wooing of a flute player (and can you blame him). He then nominates Bebe for the vacancy,

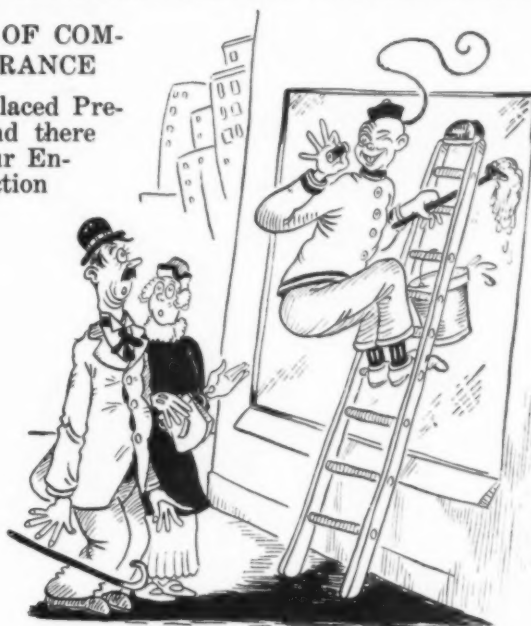
LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

THE WISDOM OF COMPLETE INSURANCE

How a Wisely-Placed Premium here and there Assures Your Entire Protection



Statistics show that there are 34,890,602 different ways in which your clothing can be injured, and the wise man will take out a separate policy covering each and every one. Although this involves considerable bother, Eugene Colp of Miami can testify its value. Colp took them all and eventually cashed in on the one insuring his swimming trunks against the bite of a female walrus.



For sensitive men, the chance of material loss is unimportant compared to the chance of psychic calamities. An emotional experience can wreck a delicately-balanced genius forever. Realizing this, Thrudd the Chicago poet, has a \$40,000 policy against a situation he mortally dreads . . . that of being ogled in the presence of a lady by a jap window washer through a spool.



Out in Omaha last year, Danburne Thnun had a hunch. Vaguely fearing that something of the sort was in store for him, Thnun took out a policy covering him in event of death in a stampede of pomeranians. Unfortunately, the stampede that finally got him was composed of pekinese, so his heirs got nothing. In a policy of this sort it is always wisest to pay a few cents more and have it cover all dogs.



"Just think how things change, Bill—right on this corner ten years ago was one of the biggest saloons in the city."



"Aw, Mame, why can't I go out with the boys after the show?
You won't let me do anything!"

Dilley Dallyings

If there's another war we recommend that the government appoint a drug store soda fountain clerk as director of meat conservation.

One way to save money—Stay at home some evening with the radio, tune in on your favorite night club and then drop fifty dollars in baby's bank.

A real executive is a man who can hand back a letter for a third re-typing to a red-headed stenographer.

Mencken puts so much stuff in his magazine about morons that we often wonder if he isn't neglecting some of his other subscribers.

This country really has several good five-cent cigars. The only trouble is that they cost fifteen cents.

—James L. Dilley.

We're convinced there's a little Scotch in us. We never take aspirin for a toothache without wishing we had a headache too.

Life at Home



BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Mrs. James McHaney, fifty-six years old and mother of six children, was sentenced to six months in jail for owning five bottles of home brew of one and one-half per cent alcoholic content. Her husband, sixty, was convicted on the same charge and placed on five years' probation. Her children will be permitted to see her once a week through the bars of her cell.

ASHLAND, Miss.—In forty stanzas of rhyme sent to Governor Bilbo, Mrs. Pearl Drew confesses to the murder of her husband, for which her father is serving a twenty-five year sentence. She absolves her parent in the verse:

"To prison went my father
All innocent of this crime
I could not long endure this
My father doing time."

NEW YORK—The new single-action fire boxes are so easy to work that when Bill Seely, twenty-one, feeling dizzy, threw his arms around one of them for support, he brought out four fire engines, two hook and ladders and two chief's cars. In Jefferson Market court he pleaded that he thought his support an ordinary lamp-post. Magistrate Farrell gave him a suspended sentence and a temperance lecture.

WASHINGTON—Mrs. James Doran, wife of the Commissioner of Prohibition, publishes her recipe for a cocktail, described as one "that satisfies and does not inebriate," which she has introduced into Washington Dry circles.

"Take a pound of seedless grapes, chop them very fine, and a quart of grape juice. Stir thoroughly and serve very cold."

NEW YORK—Charles Stelzle, formerly a clergyman and now a publicist, says that all sermons should be keyed to a fifteen-year-old mentality. He claims this would appeal to over fifty per cent of the people in the United States. Oh, yeah?

LOS ANGELES—It cost Charles Young, a Negro, \$50 to learn that there is a prohibition law.

"You mean there's a law against having liquor?" Young, a Pullman porter, incredulously asked the Court. He was charged with possessing a pint of whisky.

He didn't even know it was sick.

BELVIDERE, N. J.—Mrs. Sarah Grainer, fifty, of Phillipsburg, mother of five, has been convicted as a common scold on complaint of neighbors. The maximum penalty possible is a fine of \$1,000 and three years in jail.

NEW YORK—The Society of Friends (Quaker) has voted disapproval of a proposal that a room be set aside at Swarthmore College, Quaker-supported, for girls to smoke.

CHICAGO—Herman Wagner was very good to his dog, his wife told Judge Lupe, but of little help to his family. He bought meat for the hound, but didn't provide any for the five children. Judge Lupe fined Wagner \$100, which he could not pay. As the police led him away to serve out the fine in jail, he called back to Mrs. Wagner: "Take good care of the dog, Lizzie."



Behind the Scenes of a Great Industry.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 33

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Tense drama which takes place in a row of brownstone fronts which have come upon bad days.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—How Tommy met Jerry. R. C. Sheriff's great war play.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forrest*. \$3.85—John Drinkwater's delightful comedy of an evening in an English inn.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A young woman makes an obstetrical threat in a small town. Naughty and funny.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne's troupe in Quintero, Sutro, Ibsen, Tchekov, Tolstoi, Barrie, etc.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Seduction in a speakeasy turns to love and wedlock. The best comedy in town.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A murder takes place in a subway car before your eyes.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Ring Lardner's and George S. Kaufman's side-splitting comedy of tin-pan alley.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—A modern young American finds himself in XVIIIth century London. Leslie Howard's masterly acting.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A henpecked husband, played by Donald Meek, revolts amusingly against mother and the girls.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Bayes*—Worthless farce of California real estate dealing.
- ★MENDEL, INC. *Ritz*. \$3.00—The ghost of Potash and Perlmutter.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A frankly salacious little comedy of young people in love which is well acted.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—When we were very young, and what happened when we grew up. Sentimental Milne.
- ★RICHELIEU. *Hampden*. \$3.85—Walter Hampden in a new version of Bulwer-Lytton's play.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Death lays aside the scythe for three days and walks among the mortals. Philip Merivale is excellent.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—The fine artist who is a company all by herself.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—St. John Ervine's charming comedy in which the second Mrs. Fraser is no match for Grace George.
- CITY HAUL. *Eltzinger*—Civic corruption, and kindred matters.
- ★CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. *Biltmore*. \$3.85—Edwin Justus Mayer's fine writing recited by Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis in Newgate Prison in 1725.
- AT THE BOTTOM. *Waldorf*—A new and interesting version of Gorki's "The Lower Depths."
- PHANTOMS. *Wallack's*—Trashy mystery stuff.
- NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Hudson*—Trite, badly written and badly acted comedy of domestic troubles.

★EVERYTHING'S JAKE. *Assembly*. \$3.85—Some amusing old soaks of Don Marquis.

★REBOUND. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Two hours of brilliant wise-cracks by Donald Ogden Stewart.

★MANY A SLIP. *Little*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Sylvia Sidney in an imitation of "It's a Wise Child."

★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire*. \$4.40—Katharine Cornell as a sordid murderess.

THE BOUNDARY LINE. *Forty-eighth Street*—A vague husband and a security-loving wife around whom a better play should have been written.

RITZY. *Longacre*—Ernest Truex as good as ever in spite of a silly comedy.

★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frank Morgan in a brilliant satire from the French. Not to be missed.

★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The most gripping drama in town. Mutiny in the death house.

THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK. *Maxine Elliott's*—Helen Menken as a kept lady who marries a Scotch student and dies.

APRON STRINGS. *Bijou*—Mother-son complex in a piffing comedy.

★THOSE WE LOVE. *John Golden*. \$3.85—The author of "Broadway" plants his characters in Westchester.

THE PLUTOCRAT. *Vanderbilt*—Tarkington's Babbitts on a trip abroad.

THE APPLE CART. *Martin Beck*—The Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's new play.

Musical

★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-sixth Street*. \$6.60—Carroll's best. Girls, the Three Sailors, girls, Will Mahoney and girls.

★SWEET ADELIN. *Hammerstein*. \$5.50—The persistent hit of the gay 'nineties. Kern's music, Irene Franklin, Helen Morgan and Charles Butterworth.

★BITTER SWEET. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Vienna in 1880. Noel Coward's comedyless operetta, with the ravishing Evelyn Laye.

★HEADS UP! *Alvin*. \$5.50—Rodger's music, Hart's lyrics, Jack Whiting and Victor Moore. Good tunes and good fun.

★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Jack Donahue at his best. Lily Damita in person. One of the swiftest and most colorful.

★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—Cole Porter's music to the antics of Americans in Paris.

★TOP SPEED. *Royale*. \$5.50—Ginger Rogers and Lester Allen in the same old thing.

★WAKE UP AND DREAM. *Selwyn*. \$6.60—Tilly Losch's dancing and Jack Buchanan in some very English sketches. Cole Porter's music. STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*—Clark and McCullough to George Gershwin's music. First class.

RIPPLES. *New Amsterdam*—The whole Stone family in a nice clean show.

★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—A great big show with the one and only Ed. Wynn.

★THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE. *Majestic*. \$6.60—Lew Leslie's white birds. Magnificently and gorgeously cheap.

The interesting series of revivals at the *Jolson*.

Movies

SON OF THE GODS, SHE COULDN'T SAY NO AND LOVE COMES ALONG—In this issue.

HAPPY DAYS. *Fox*—Not important unless your theatre shows the *Grandeur* Film version. If you don't know what *Grandeur* is, read last week's LIFE.

THE GREEN GODDESS. *Warner Brothers*—Disappointing after "Disraeli." George Arliss is splendid but receives poor support.

STREET OF CHANCE. *Paramount*—William Powell gives a remarkable performance in a story reminiscent of the Rothstein case. CAMEO KIRBY. *Fox*—J. Harold Murray's singing takes some of the curse off of the high-falutin' acting.

NOT SO DUMB. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Maybe they are right. A few funny scenes and many boring ones.

DEVIL MAY CARE. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramon Novarro's singing voice adds to his charm. And there are two good songs.

NO, NO, NANETTE. *First National*—No, no. THE PAINTED ANGEL. *First National*—Miss Billie Dove cannot sing and dance, but she does both in this one.

And if you haven't seen *Disraeli* and *Rio Rita* you should.

(Continued on Page 33)



SCIENTIST (to old lady): There are twenty million stars in the heavens.
OLD LADY (brightly): So I see.
—Punch, by permission.

*With a zoom
they take to the
clear, bright air*



AS THE EARTH SINKS AWAY *from their eyes*



THE FLASH of sunlight on varnished wings . . . the hum of motors . . . and steady hands at the controls . . . with a rush they leave the ground, soaring to the upper air . . . keen nerves, firm courage and bodily vigor.

Such are the pioneers of the air. Such sun-tanned healthy men and women drink the sportsmen's beverage, "Canada Dry." For here is a fine old ginger ale which makes them keener, more fit to fly, and steadies their minds for the sport in hand.

In many other sports, for many other sportsmen, this fine old ginger ale is the choice . . . matching in quality the vigorous, healthy activity of countless men and women throughout this country. They acclaim it! Why? The answer lies in basic excellence. The foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root.

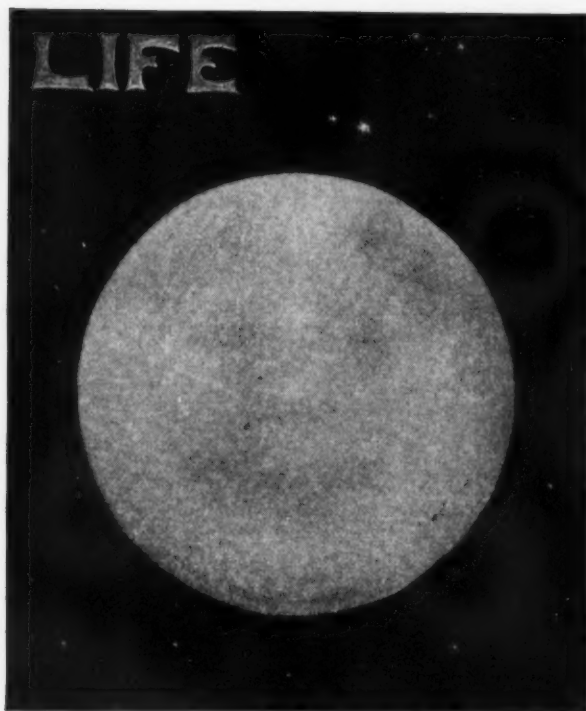
And when you serve this fine old ginger ale, you are bringing to your own meal something of the quality, the health, the prestige which is associated with "Canada Dry." Why not order it today?

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

The Family Album



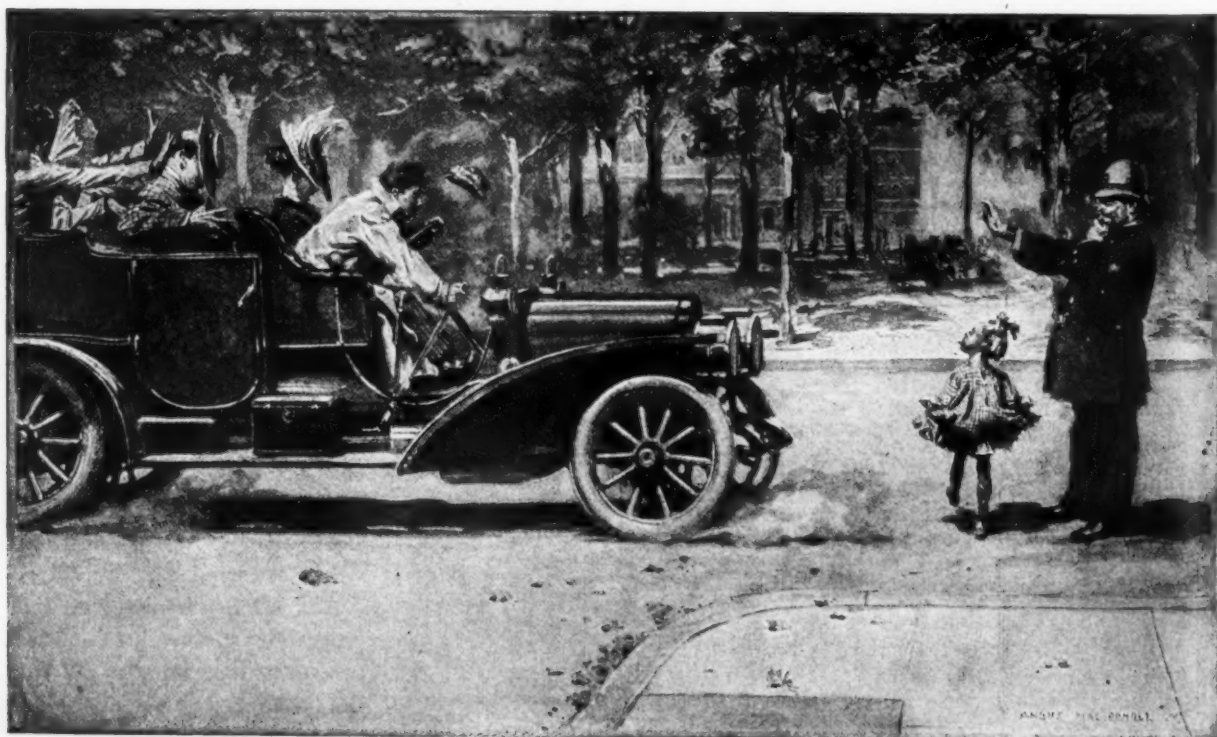
—Reprinted from LIFE, 1905

The Honeymoon.



—Reprinted from LIFE, 1907

The Helping Hand.



Getting Even.

—Reprinted from LIFE, 1909



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Mr. Phipps and Junior

MR. PHIPPS: Say, young man, I don't like the looks of this report card.

JUNIOR: Neither do I. It's a sloppy print job, all right.

MR. PHIPPS: None of your wise-cracks, offspring. I'm talking about the marks on it.

JUNIOR: What's wrong with the marks?

MR. PHIPPS: There aren't enough A's.

JUNIOR: Give me a good bunch of B's any time and I'm satisfied.

MR. PHIPPS: Well, I'm not. Why didn't you get an A in geography?

JUNIOR: I couldn't remember the capital of Kentucky.

MR. PHIPPS: Frankfort is the city. All you have to do is think of frank-furter, then you've got it.

JUNIOR: I tried that stunt but I got mixed up and thought of hot dog instead.

MR. PHIPPS: Cut out the kidding. Why didn't you get an A in arithmetic?

JUNIOR: I was too smart for the teacher.

MR. PHIPPS: How's that?

JUNIOR: She asked me how many lighted candles would be standing in a window if there were already six and somebody lighted seven more.

MR. PHIPPS: What did you tell her?

JUNIOR: I told her that all depended on how much of a draught was coming in through the window at the time.

MR. PHIPPS: Young man, you're incorrigible.

JUNIOR: Yeah, and I'm afraid I'm also in Dutch! —James L. Dille.

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

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cross
the seas
for Alpine
wonders?*

JASPER National Park and 5300 square miles of untamed grandeur in the highest Canadian Rockies offer all that any vacationist can demand.

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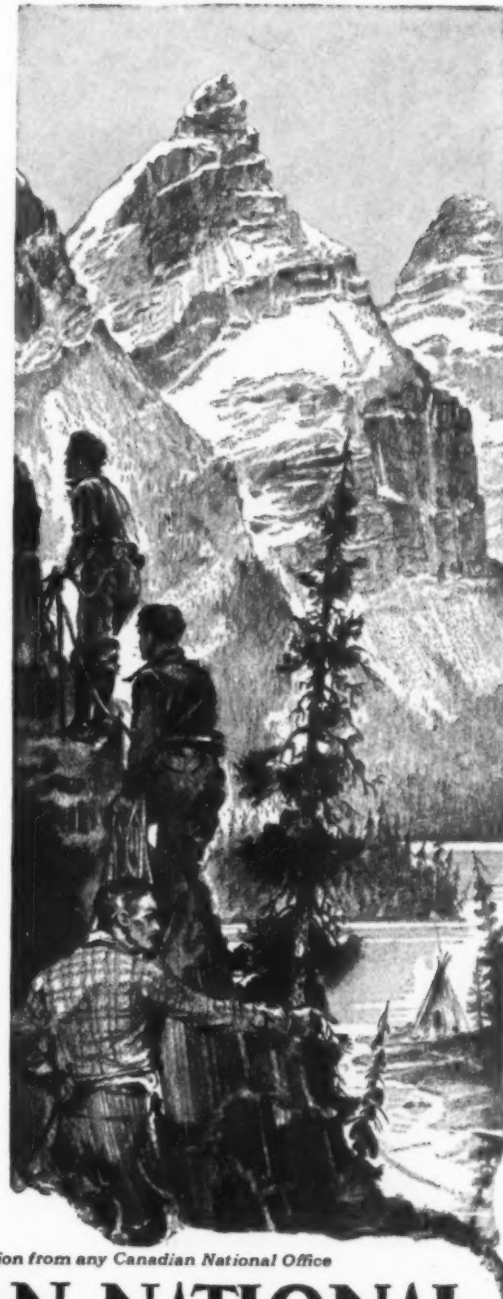
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L-O-O-K closely



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of Famous
Fancy Cocktail
Recipes
ready)

These authentic
celebrated recipes
are printed in a
Bridge Score Pad
with Contract and
Auction Scoring
Chart.

The twelve most
famous cocktails
lead the list—and
the first, always the
first, is the "Martini"
named after its
chief ingredient,
Martini & Rossi
Vermouth.

Because of its snap
and tang, Martini &
Rossi Vermouth has
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Dry at your food or bever-
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as expertly as European
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non-alcoholic form but still re-
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Please send copy, without charge, of new,
revised, expanded Bridge Club Vermouth
Recipes and Score Pad (both Contract and
Auction), in book form.

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DEALER'S NAME _____



From the New Books

The Secret

When Prudence wears her mask, ah me!
To penetrate the mystery
Of her veiled eyes were verily
A hopeless task.

A secret that betrays no clue
Is there. But that is nothing to
The secret of her eyes, when Prue
Takes off her mask.

—From *Excuse It Please*,
by Oliver Herford.

The next day, Elsie became a Dul-
ver. From all parts of the country
there came Dulvers to welcome her,
the males all large, shining, pink,
hoarse, and brassily convivial, the fe-
males all large, blonde, and elaborately
coiffured, and upholstered. It is diffi-
cult to imagine what the Dulvers
would have made of a christening or
a funeral, because it is difficult to im-
agine a Dulver either coming into this
world or going out of it; but there
could be no doubt they were designed
by Nature to celebrate weddings. The
customary festivities, all the eating and
drinking, the healths and back-slap-
pings, sledge-hammer compliments
and naughty jokes, might have been
invented for them. Elsie was inspec-
ted by all manner of Dulverish relatives,
who looked as if they were quite capa-
ble of having her stripped and weighed,
and of pinching her in sundry places
to make sure she was a sound article.
After being thus inspected, she was
approved. The general opinion obvi-
ously was that, with her shape, col-
ouring and disposition, it was only a
matter of time—with some further
coiffuring, upholstering, and the slip-
ping of small ports—before she be-
came a very good specimen of the fe-
male Dulver, fit to queen it in any
hotel.

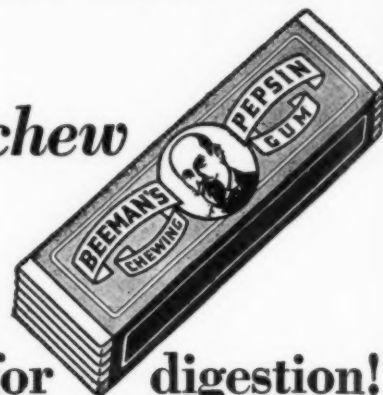
—*The Good Companions* (Harper's)
by J. B. Priestly.

"I wish you could see, as I have seen,
the graph that love cuts across the chart
of human life . . . It's a graph full of
small peaks and sharp declines, all con-
fusion and frustration—very seldom
the long crescendo to a single climax
that lovers think it is. Sometimes it's
a network of lines superimposed upon
other lines, all tangled in a smudge of
loose ends.

—From *Foolish Fire*,
by Virginia Swain.

Too much dinner?

chew



for digestion!



IT'S only human to eat too much.
So chew Beeman's, the Pepsin
Gum, for your digestion!

Perfect by Dr. Beeman over 30
years ago, this delicious gum is still
the favorite of people who chew gum
as an aid to digestion.

Millions prefer Beeman's fresh,
keen flavor, its satiny smoothness,
and its mellow quality.

You'll prefer it, too! Try it today!

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM aids digestion

"Oh, Lieutenant Goodheart," exclaimed Isabelle, "press me no more upon this painful subject. I esteem you. . . . But my love, which you value far too highly, is reserved for my country—" Isabelle paused for an instant, and added, in a lower tone—"and its sons."

"Isabelle, tell me, is your love another's, that I may not importune you vexatiously?"

"I spoke but in general terms," said Isabelle, her lustrous eyes cast down upon the floor, "when I referred to the sons of my country. My heart is individually free."

"That admission gives a vigor to my life," said Marcus with vivacity, "and an impulsiveness to hope."

—From *Dime Novels*,

by Edmund Pearson.

"A lot of cow-punchers didn't know *why* they enlisted," he went on. "There was Rufe Brown, who joined up with his Sunday-best pearl-handled revolver in his belt. He couldn't understand why he shouldn't keep it. When they had taken it away from him, he came to me for consolation. 'Say, Dan,' he said, 'who in hell *are* we in war with, anyway?'"

"I said it was with Germany."

"'Hell!' said Rufe, 'I thought it was still that war with Mexico!'"

—From *Medals of Honor*,

by James Hopper.

"Next to havin' your family all married off an' doin' well, the finest feelin' is slippin' noiselessly into third while in traffic," says Lafe Bud.

—Abe Martin's *Town Pump*,

by Kin Hubbard.

Book Guide

Best Sellers

"THE WOMAN OF ANDROS," by Thornton Wilder. (Albert & Charles Boni.)

A love story laid in ancient Greece, written with great delicacy and beauty of style. "ALL OUR YESTERDAYS," by H. M. Tomlinson. (Harper's.)

The effect of war on a highly sensitive soul. "THE MIDNIGHT BELL," by Patrick Hamilton. (Little Brown & Co.)

Delightful story of a London "pub" and its idealistic waiter.

"THE 42ND PARALLEL," by John Don Passos. (Harper's.)

American life from the Nineties to the great war.

"PENDING HEAVEN," by William Gerhardt. (Harper's.)

Searching for the ideal she, the hero gets tangled up with innumerable women.

"DOWN IN THE VALLEY," by H. W. Freeman. (Holt.)

Another story of the English countryside by the author of "Joseph and His Brethren."

"SCHWEIK, THE GOOD SOLDIER," by Jaroslav Hasek. (Doubleday Doran.)

Great fun about a feeble witted soldier who became a national hero.

"THREE CAME UNARMED," by E. Arnot Robinson. (Doubleday Doran.)

Three white children brought up in the jungles of Borneo are sent to London and have considerable trouble adjusting themselves to civilization.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



A Flip
and it's lit . . .

Release
and it's out!

Like a good actor, Ronson never misses its cue!

Perfect in principle,
perfect in workmanship,
perfect in performance.

No wonder it's the leading
lighter in every part
of the civilized world.

Made in a great variety of
styles and sizes, for men
and women—\$5 and up at
smart stores everywhere.

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Aronson Square, Newark, N.J.
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RONSON

TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING

De-light

After the
Stormy Words
Send her a
Rainbow of
FLOWERS

National Flower Show
Minneapolis
March 20—April 6



Life's All-American Beauty Team!

*Do you know a girl who
looks like the girl on the Cover?*

The original painting will be presented to the girl
who, in the opinion of John Holmgren,
most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as the American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! And after the all-American Beauty Team has been selected LIFE is going to—well, watch for further developments!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by John Holmgren, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE's All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 9)

lingdrift. "She gave him back his ring about five minutes ago."

"Chuckd him?" said Smith. "Chuckd Bill? Why, the feller's a prince!"

"She chuckd him," said Willingdrift. "And she feels like the devil and I told her he only sat out there to save somebody else and she won't believe it."

"Neither would I," said Mabel Lee.

"But we can prove it. Mr. Smith, to make up for what he did for you, will you and Miss—Miss—Madam go back to the platform and let me bring Nancy and show you to her sitting there?"

"I bet we're cute," said Mabel Lee.

Smith thought for a moment. Then he said, "Certainly. And you?" to Mabel Lee. "You'll help the kids out, won't you?"

"Sure," said Mabel Lee. "Maybe when we're through with this game we can play charades or something."

Willingdrift went back to the Smith's car. He called Nancy and led her by the hand through the now curtained aisles. When they reached the observation car it was empty. But through the wide panels at its end Nancy saw a blonde head resting on a manly shoulder, a grey arm encircling a green waist. Willingdrift had withdrawn into the smoking compartment. It seemed crass to him, to watch.

Nancy moved closer to the end of the car, strained her eyes to see the man. Then he turned. "Pa!" she cried under her breath and as the lead rolled off her heart she ran back through the train to find Bill.

Willingdrift lingered in the smoke room. While there he thought he might attend to the business of a short night-cap. So he didn't see Mrs. Smith sweep like a full-rigged ship through the car, fling open the door of the platform, fire a salvo of broadsides until want of breath stopped her. Nor did he see her sweep out of the car, head high, breast heaving like a mountain in an earthquake.

Having night-capped at leisure, he stepped out into the passage. He saw Mr. Smith and Mabel Lee had come inside, which surprised him. Then Smith saw him.

Willingdrift smiled, almost patronizingly. He said, "You see, all that's needed is a little head work."

To Smith, as to Bill the words suggested but one thing. With the wildest sort of "Hurr!" Smith turned, and a moment later Willingdrift was more than astonished to find that his iron hat had been so severely shoved down over his ears that in the darkness he doubted if he could ever get it off.

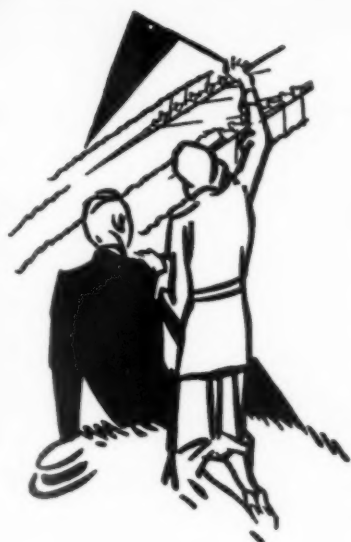
The next Willingdrift story, "Rose in the Spring," will appear next week.

Most of the little girls who work in the Broadway night clubs are sentimentalists, and preserve their old costumes by pasting them in scrapbooks.

—N. Y. Mirror.



"O-oh, Mal I saw an Indian!"



RAZOR RHYTHM

A SMOOTH stroke. An easy stroke. That's the frictionless rhythm of a double-action shave.

The first action of Squibb's shields your face from the razor's rasp . . . protects you while you shave. The second action protects you long after the final flick of the razor.

For Squibb's replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin. Squibb's keeps your face glowing with comfort. Whereas most shaving creams absorb the skin's pliant oils. Leave your face feeling parched and dry.

You can feel the difference. The comfort of a double-action shave is a lasting comfort.

You'll find Squibb's Shaving Cream at all drug stores.



SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM



An Unsigned Postal

Such patriotic people as you editors of LIFE are. You should be tarred and feathered for printing such sedition as you did in this week's issue. No wonder Prohibition is having a hard time! With articles such as you write for young people to read. Such insidious remarks about Coolidge and our beloved President Hoover. Shame on you! You could be a wonderful power for good instead of evil which you encourage. You never were a hard-working woman with five children and a husband coming home drunk every Saturday night with no money but plenty of Booze. If you were you would say, "God bless Prohibition" and try to uphold the law. I'm only one who has been helped.

So yo - the one!

Dear Editor:

Yesterday evening I found my little daughter in my library engrossed in reading your valuable weekly. I poked a little fun at her, and she replied, "Don't disturb me and don't make me laugh, I am reading LIFE."

Very truly yours,

Emil S. Geist, M. D.

Dear LIFE:

I'm rather a busy woman, but I'm taking time to tell you what I and other members of my family think of your magazine. A year ago I subscribed to three magazines, one being LIFE. The other two were a big disappointment, although more expensive than LIFE, and we will discontinue them when the subscription runs out. But it's a different story with LIFE. As soon as it comes I read it from cover to cover, as does my husband. As soon as my little eight-year-old boy gets home on "Tuesdays" his first question is, "Did LIFE come?" Not only do we enjoy it, but one or two neighbors borrow it and in this way you received (or will receive) a new subscriber.

I especially enjoy the jokes and working the picture puzzle. Another feature which I wish to commend is the "Movies" criticism department. We go by these criticisms and have found them justified in each instance.

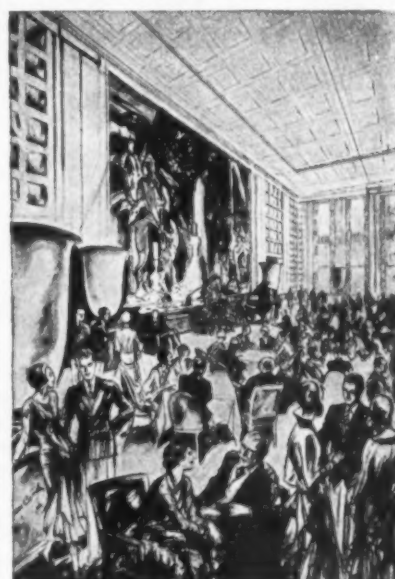
Naturally, your time is valuable but sometimes we like a pat on the back, and so here's one from a "satisfied customer."

Yours truly,

Katherine R. Lopez.

Ile de France

where one's sophistication comes of age



Salon Mixte of the "Ile de France" at tea hour

THE gypsy world of society, art and letters is never bored on land or sea. The "Ile de France" with its glittering modernistic salons is the gathering place of the wits and the gourmets, the stage on which one sees the smartest frocks in smartest settings...afternoon tea and evenings in the Salon Mixte are always gay and beautifully chic. Breton sailors, trained in a long and splendid tradition... stewards who anticipate every wish... de luxe suites that couldn't be more luxurious... all outside rooms with private baths. No wonder the sophisticates take it for granted and cross the "longest gangplank in the world" ... from the heart of Manhattan to the heart of Paris.

"Ile de France"
March 28
April 18

"PARIS"
March 21
April 11

"France"
Mediterranean-
Moroccan Cruise
Mar. 15 - Apr. 23

5½ days to
Plymouth

By de luxe Weekly Express Service, a waiting express for London, a few hours later the covered pier at Havre, three-hour express to Paris. The new "Lafayette," the "De Grasse" and the "Rochambeau," form a cabin fleet that makes economy smart.



French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State St., New York City.

CAVIAR



THE largest Gothic cathedral in the world—where choir boys in medieval costumes dance before the high altar.

The largest and richest bazar this side of the East.

The most beautiful palace-chapel in the world.

The most famous of the world's pleasure resorts.

The most complete megalithic temple in Europe—5000 years old.

Europe's most spectacular and romantic walled city—intact from the hey-day of chivalry.

**Shall you see any of these when you go
to Europe and the Passion Play
this Spring?**

They will enrich your trip—as caviar will richen your dinner.
But—unlike caviar—they need not increase the cost.

Send the coupon below to Raymond-Whitcomb. They will
tell you how it can be done.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

Attention of Mr. Kenneth Mygatt, Vice-President

670 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me the information offered in your "Caviar"
advertisement in "Life."

Name _____

Address _____

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 14)

ment which delights me and one which I have long advocated, and now if they will only arrange an all-hymn program for the radio, my satisfaction will have been increased considerably. Walking home through the town, and to my chaise-longue with a book called "Ex-Mistress," which does make the life of a kept woman sound mighty attractive, especially when she does have a good business of her own to fall back upon, and shocked to find myself berating Dora for refusing a cheque for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars which had "Paid in Full" written upon it, for I daresay that ten years ago I should have deemed it a lofty gesture, whereas now it strikes me as extremely stupid. But I liked one bit in the book, "Conscience is the memory of unpleasant experiences," and also the characterization, "She was the kind of woman who would put on her glasses to answer the 'phone.'" This night to a stupid dinner, sitting next a man who must have told his wife later what a fine listener I was, albeit half the time I could not have answered him "Yea" or "Nay" through inattention, for his talk was along the "Could you change your religion?" and "Could you commit a murder?" lines, until at one point I was at some pains not to ask him what he had received for Christmas.

An ex-service man told a London magistrate the war broke out just after he got married. It generally does.
—*Passing Show.*



OLD LADY: Why don't you give the child what he wants just to pacify him?
LITTLE MOTHER: Well, 'e wanted me to pick a bunch o' them cherries out of yer 'at.
—Punch, by permission.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy
C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays
H Headwaiter
SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)
BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. The best night club below 188th St. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.
CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.
CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.
CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. *C.\$2. H.Adolph.
CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 36. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). *C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.
COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.
CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.
COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.
DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.
DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Victor. SMIG.\$4.00.
GOUVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, 31st and 7th Ave. Paul Specht's orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.
LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.
LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. *C.\$6. H.Maraschino.
MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. *C.\$3.
ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.
RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.
ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. *C.\$2. S.\$3.

Records

WHAT DO I CARE?.....
.....Smooth melodious fox-trot.
WHEN YOU'RE SMILING.....
Also. (Columbia)
THE MAN FROM THE SOUTH.....
.....Hotter than hot, and then some.
ST. JAMES INFIRMARY.....
Lowdown blues. Ted Wallace and His Campus Boys. (Columbia)
YOU'VE GOT THAT THING,
PARIS, STAY THE SAME.....
Maurice Chevalier singing. You may not understand half of it, but it's grand just the same. (Victor)
WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?.....
.....From "Wake Up and Dream."
WHAT WOULD I CARE?.....
From "Top Speed." Fred Rich and band playing two hit numbers. (Columbia)

Sheet Music

"Send For Me" (Simple Simon)
"I'll Know Him" (Flying High)
"Mona" (Happy Days, movie)
"Wasn't It Beautiful" (Flying High)
"We Never Sleep" (Ripples)
"Man From The South" (No show)



They plan world peace Smoking Pipes and sitting on a log

TWO statesmen sit on a log and smoke their pipes and plan the peace of the world. It is a moment of history, and pipes belong with it—for pipes are symbols of peace.

Men of thought and men of action relish the savor of the robust smoke that nothing but a pipe can draw from good tobacco like Edgeworth. Slow-burning, cool and benevolent, with a flavor all its own, Edgeworth is the choice of many a smoker.

If you have been missing either pipe or Edgeworth, why not try them now together? Real smoking pleasure will be yours from the first puff on, for Edgeworth never changes and you can buy it anywhere.

May we not send you, with our compliments, some Edgeworth to try? Let the coupon be "yes."



Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name.....

My street address.....

And the town and state.....

Now let the Edgeworth come!

L-5

Men Discover New Kind of Comfort in Fine Shoes . . .



HUNDREDS of thousands are enjoying not only freedom from discomfort but an exhilarating, energizing comfort of vigorous foot health never experienced before.

They have changed to the Arch Preserver Shoe. That's why!

Nerves, muscles and blood-vessels enjoy barefoot freedom on the Arch Preserver flat inner sole.

The natural springiness of the step is stimulated by the moulded Arch Preserver metatarsal support.

The long arch retains its youthful strength and buoyancy, all strain and stress being absorbed by the concealed Arch Preserver arch bridge.

These and other exclusive features are found only in the Arch Preserver Shoe. They cannot be duplicated because they are patented. Distinguished styles and choicest materials in Custom Grade, \$12.50 and up. Other grades \$10.

Send for booklet and name of dealer.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. L-132, Rockland, Mass.

Also makers of the Wright Shoe, \$8.50 up

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

Made for women, misses and children by only
The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Movies

(Continued from Page 20)

falls for a society gal, and in order to get enough money to play in her set he returns to his crooked ways and gets shot for the trouble. Then the hospital scene with Winnie and the society gal both at the bedside . . . and may we predict that there will be lots of very sophisticated people who will be blowing their noses during this episode.

The film is full of Broadway epigrams, concocted especially for Winnie. One of these is worth mentioning. In the midst of a love scene Winnie says, "Here I am making mud pies of my heart, and you ask me riddles." Nobody but Miss Lightner could get away with such quaint sentiment.

The featured songs are "Watching My Dreams Go By," and "A Darned Fool Woman Like Me." A word for the future. If you think Winnie is too fat to be cute, watch her next film. They say she has gymed off about twenty pounds.

Good fun.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A negro girl went to a bank regularly to draw her weekly pay. She could neither read nor write, so made an X on the receipt. Then, one day, she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Mandy? Why don't you make an X as usual?" asked the cashier.

"Why," Mandy exclaimed, "ah done got married yesterday and changed mah name."
—Tit-Bits.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



NERVOUS PASSENGER: What's the matter?
Engine missing?
PILOT: No, the bally propeller.
—Passing Show.

When
you throw
a real party
serve

Apollinaris

Your guests will at once
see that you wish them to
have only the best.

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

EUROPE \$365
33 days
6 countries
PASSION PLAY
ALL EXPENSES
Foremost Student Tours
Nearly 4000 satisfied members in
1929. Small parties, 1st class hotels,
plenty of motor travel. Send for
booklet of 250 tours.
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 BOSTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

'No More Hangnails'
Banish these painful eyesores,
and avoid infection, by trimming
them neatly with Gem, the handy
pocket manicure. And it quickly
cleans, trims and files your nails.
At all drug and cutlery stores.
Gem 50c. Gem Jr. 35c (watch-
chain model).
The H. C. COOK CO., 7 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.
Gem Clippers NAIL
Gem Jr. 35c

WELCOME to
NEW YORK and
The HOTEL
GOVERNOR
CLINTON
31ST ST. AND 7TH AVE.
opposite PENNA. R.R. STATION

1200 Rooms
each with
Bath and
Servidor
ERNEST G. KILL
Gen. Mgr.

ROOM AND BATH 3.00 UP

Colds



For two generations Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE has been used for colds and headaches. It is today the largest selling cold remedy in the world. Merit is the reason.

Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets

Successful Since 1889

JONES (buying new overcoat): I can't wear this, dear; it's three sizes too big.

WIFE: Yes, you can! Remember, it's got to go over the radiator of the car in cold weather. That's what we have to consider first. —Pearson's.

Oberammergau Passion Play
June 28... Cruise 52 Days... 8725 up
Spain, Italy, Across Europe, Norway,
Scotland, Holland, Paris, etc.
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, N. Y.



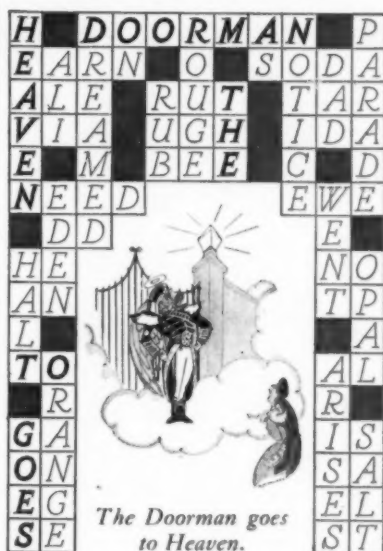
Play and Rest at Picturesque
Sedgefield—in Sunny
Carolina

OVERNIGHT from New York to superb golf on one of the finest courses in the south—grass greens. Riding and other outdoor sports amid beautiful natural surroundings. Sedgefield Inn offers accommodations to suit the most exacting. A delightful place for a visit, and a convenient week-end objective. Two hours by car from Pinehurst.

Folder on request.

SEDFIELD INN
SEDFIELD... GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 26



The Doorman goes to Heaven.

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Miss Dorothy Dase,
854 Howard Street,
Detroit, Mich.

ST. PETER: Well, you felt as important as Hell on earth, so go there!

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Frederick E. Ward,
Box 25,
Cataumet, Mass.

At last he meets somebody who dares tell him to go to Hell.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Al Fasick,
Hotel Belvedere,
Ninth St. & Euclid Ave.,
Miami Beach, Fla.

Maybe now the haughty doorman will be glad to come down to earth.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Robert W. Smith,
52 E. Iroquois Road,
Pontiac, Mich.

He was dying for St. Peter's job.

Answers to Anagrins

(On Page 10)

- (1) Sample.
- (2) Pepsin.
- (3) Service.
- (4) Sardine.
- (5) Limousine.
- (6) Saunter.

The dark blocks represent the 2 more good shaves you get with Mennen.



2 MORE
Good Shaves
from every blade!
Jim Henry's Guarantee

NO matter how many shaves you now get, I absolutely guarantee that you will get two more shaves per blade (and I mean good ones) with Mennen Shaving Cream. Money back if I'm wrong.

And remember: any Mennen Shave must be good, when Mennen makes every razor cut well, longer. Your face must feel better after a Mennen Shave, when the lather helps the razor so much that the blade will do a good job again, and yet again.

Remember there are two kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream... Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give you that clean, comfortable shave that millions of men know as the Mennen shave. Both creams build up a fine, quick lather in any water. The only difference is this: Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen... that's the main point. My guarantee covers them both.

Get a tube of Mennen, now. Use a new blade... then count the good shaves. Or, clip the coupon. I'll show you how well that razor of yours can shave, with Mennen.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

MENTHOL-ICED and
WITHOUT MENTHOL



THE MENNEN CO.,
Newark, N. J. Dept. M-2
Jim Henry: Send me a tube of Mennen, Jim. I'll see for myself how many more good shaves I can get.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced.
☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol.

NEW HEIGHTS



AMAZING it is that any hotel can reach new heights in this city of superlatives. The tallest this... the finest that... and here stands The New Yorker Hotel to shatter all precedents.

For it reaches new heights not only in the number of its stories but in the scope of its service.

Has it a splendid restaurant? No, it has four. Has each room a bath? Yes, and it has a shower and a radio too. Is it modern? Yes, it's modern in equipment and decoration but it's completely old-fashioned in the gracious warmth of its hospitality.

Rates? Well, \$3.50 a day for a room and bath that look like no other \$3.50 suite you've ever seen. Beds that lure you to sleep, chairs that beg you to relax... all the comforts of home.

Servidor, circulating ice-water... tunnel to Pennsylvania Station, B & O Motor Coach connection... in the heart of the midtown business district.

NEW YORKER BONBONNETTES

NEW... delicious candy. Made from unique French recipes. Send \$2 for a souvenir pound box... add 15c. per lb. for postage and packing.

BERNIE CUMMINS himself leads The New Yorker Orchestra (Exclusive Victor Record Artists)... nightly at dinner and supper in the lovely Terrace Restaurant.

THE NEW YORKER HOTEL

RALPH HITT, Managing Director
34th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 31

\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanation by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Mar. 28. Winners will appear in the Apr. 18 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. Article.
4. This is fearful.
7. N. G.
10. This is a little deer.
11. A very wet business.
12. It takes a long time for this to pass.
13. A middle-western state. (Abbr.)
14. A corn field.
15. An instrument of punishment.
16. This is very annoying.
18. What a skeleton is.
19. This is immortal.
22. There's always a key to this.
24. Relatives.
27. A preposition.
28. These win many an argument.
29. I am. (Contraction)
30. Refuse.
31. You have this—while you have LIFE.

VERTICAL

1. You must go away to take this.
2. This is hollow.
3. These are slippery.
4. This is in the show.
5. What the crook did.
6. This is easy to see through.
7. A cruel musician.
8. This takes wrinkles away.
9. This is very proper.
17. How you like your dinner.
18. This makes others see red.
20. Born.
21. A good listener.
22. What Adam and Eve did after they ate the apple.
23. This is singular.
25. You've got to hand it to them these days.
26. Holy Mother Church. (Latin Abbr.)

Life

holds up the mirror
to you. If you
are a real, regular
Life-liking person,
here is your re-
flection:

First of all, you are
lively. And people flock
around a lively person, so your
telephone is seldom silent. Your mind
works swiftly; when you talk you say your say
using a brief, amusing way that makes folks listen.
You're wise to the last word of the moment—
you don't miss anything. For you are
lively...You have a good time
... You like...and use

LIFE

Perhaps only part of the mirror reflects you. Maybe
you buy LIFE only on occasion at the newsstand or
somebody else sometimes beats you to it at the club.

*But if you want to look
like that picture, sign the
coupon and learn the
secret by reading LIFE for
the next twenty weeks.*



Dear LIFE,

Please see that I don't miss
a copy for the next twenty weeks, including Beauty Contest
numbers. Here is my two dollars.

_____ name

_____ address



We travel more
we dress better
we *live* better
then why not

fatima



...what a whale of a difference
just a few make